













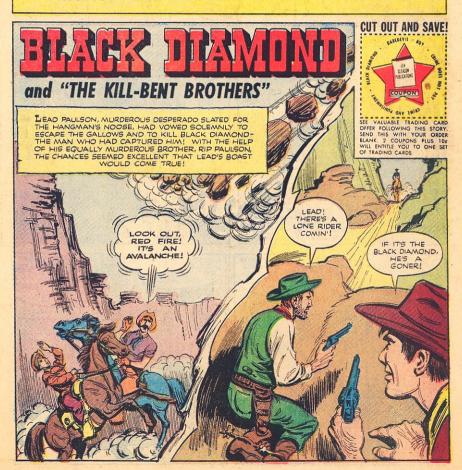
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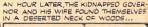
BRAVE MAN, AIN'T
YUH? HOW BRAVE
ARE YOU ABOUT
YOUR WIFE? WRITE
OUT THAT PARDON
PRONTO OR SHE
GETS IT! I AIN'T
KIDDIN',
GOVERNOR!

KNOW YOU'RE NOT - YOU'RE ROTTEN CLEAR THROUGH! VERY WELL, I'LL DO IT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER ..

THAT'S RIGHT NICE! NOW WE'LL GO FER A LITTLE RIDE TO-GETHER GOVERNOR—IN YOUR CARRIAGE! GIT MOVIN'! WE'LL USE THE SIDE DOOR TO THE STABLES!



WO'LL BE HERE TILL
MORNIN' GOVERNOR!
BY THAT TIME, MY
BROTHER WILL BE FREE
AS A BIRD! DON'T
LOOK SO SAD - YOU
COULD EASILY BE
BEAD, Y KNOW!

I KNOW-YOU PAULSONS
THINK NOTHING
OF TAKING
HUMAN LIFE!
SOME DAY
YOU'LL PAY THE
PRICE-BOTH
OF YOU!



























'LL HOLD UP

THE BLACK



C'MON! HEAD FER THE





MAKES A NICE



























BANCROFT RANCH! THAT'S THE OTHER SIDE OF TWIN PASS CANYON! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'M GONNA TELL POP!



MINUTES LATER, ON THE TWIN PASS CANYON TRAIL YEP! THAT'S PERFECT! THEM ROCKS ON THE TIP WILL MAKE A NATURAL AVALANCHE AT ABOUT NINE TONIGHT! IT'LL GIT BLACK DIAMOND AN' THAT DAD-BURNED RED FIRE, TOO!

IN LEAD PAULSON'S HIDEOUT ... LATER.

DIDN'T I TELL

T'S GREAT, KID, GREAT! AND TO MAKE SURE THE BLACK DIAMOND DON'T COME OUT YA THE KID WAS A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK? WHAT THE OTHER A PLAN! OF PASS! INCLE AN' ME WILL BE WAITIN' IN AMBUSH!



THAT NIGHT.

AT 8:45













SHORTLY AFTER ...

WE JUST FOUND OUT WHO WE JUST FOUND OUT WAS DROPPED AN AVALANCHE ON OUR HEADS! JUNIOR JUST GOT HIS FIRST LESSON IN LEARNING RIGHT FROM WRONG!

THESE BIRDS COLLECTED NEED THAT POSSE AFTER ALL, BUMPER! THE PAULSON BROTHERS JUST RETIRED NEED FROM THE OUTLAW BUSINESS!

A BUSINESS THAT ALWAYS
ENDS IN BANKRUPTCY AND DEATH!



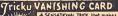
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BRACK DIAMOND

in "WHEN THE AXE FELL"

PLE LIFE OF AUGUST C. LITTLE AND HIS FAMILY HUNG BY THE LAST THREADS OF ROPE AS EDDIE MCGOON, A MAD DOG CRIMINAL OF THE WEST HACKED WITH GREAT BLOWS OF HIS AXE! THE BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER RUSHED ONTO THE SCENE TO FIND THE AXE RAISED FOR THE LAST BLOW-BUT WERE THEY IN TIME? COULD THEY STOP THE AXE IN MIDIAR? WHAT SUPERHUMAN EFFORT WAS NEEDED TO SAVE THIS INNOCENT FAMILY FROM CERTAIN DOOM...WHEN THE AXE FELL?

IF THAT AXE HITS THE ROPE THOSE PEOPLE WILL BE HEY! VHAT. THIS ONE! OOFF! HURRY, BUMPER-BRIDGE! HELP! HELP! THE MERE MENTION
OF THE WORD "GOLD" HAG
TURNED HONEST MEN INTO
THIEVES, AND MEEK ONES INTO
MURDERERS! THE WHISPER OF
THAT WORD HAD LURED AUGUST
LITTLE FROM HIS COMFORT AND FAMILY! EIGHT YEARS LATER, HE WAS ALONE, POOR, AND PANNING WAS ALONE, POOK, AND PANNING AWAY HIS LAST HOPES ON A MOUNTAIN STREAM LONG SINCE ABANDONED BY SUCCESSFUL MINERS ... BUT ONE DAY, A MIRACLE CAME TO PITIFUL AUGUST LITTLE, AND THE QUIET WAS DIERCED BY HIS HYSTERICAL SHOL GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

CED BY HIS HYSTERICAL SHOUTS
GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!
GOLD! GOLD!
GOLD! GOLD!
OUR STORY OPENS AS
AUGUST LITTLE IS RUSHING TO
THE UNITED STATES CLAIMS
OFFICE, CONFIDENT THAT
HIS MINE IS RICH!

Dxk Rockwell

READ ON.

AN HOMBRE DOESN'T STRIKE GOLD EVERY DAY, SO IT'S PRONTO TO THE LITTLE KNEW HIS MINE WAS RICH BUT WITHOUT LEGAL SUPPORT, HE



LITTLE RODE LIKE A MAN POSSESSED FOR THAT HE WAS! HE ARRIVED AT HIS DESTINATION SAFELY THAT AFTERNOON



AUGUST LITTLE THREW HIS ORE SACK ON THE TABLE! WILSON CAREFULLY EXAMINED AND

IZ

WELL, COME ON YEP! MR. LITTLE, THIS IS THE RICHEST ORE THE ANSWER? I'VE SEEN IN THESE I'M RICH, AIN'T PARTS! YES, SIR! I'D SAY THAT YOU ARE WITHOUT A DOUBT A VERY RICH MAN!

HIS CLAIM FILED, AUGUST C. LITTLE MADE HASTE TO THE LOCAL SALOON, WHERE HE WOULD FIND FRIENDS TO HELP HIM CELEBRATE HIS GOOD FORTUNE ...









BUT NOT ALL THE MEN IN THE BAR JOINED AUGUST

BDIE MCGON AND MORACE DAWGON WERE NEW TO THESE PARTS, BUT THAT WAS NOT WHESE PARTS, BUT THAT WAS NOT WHESE THE HAPPY MINER... THEIR PROFESSION SET THEM APART, FROM THE SHE PARTS OF THE PARTS OF THE SHE PARTS OF THE PARTS OF TH

EARNED RICHES...

MR. DAWSON! I
BELIEVE WE COULD POITE RIGHT,
MCGOON! ONLY
FOR THE MOMENT
FOLLOW FOR THE MOMENT
FOLLOW FOLLOW FOLLOW
REFERS TO...

ESCAPES ME!





THREE WEEKS PASSED! THE STACECOACH, ON THE MAS BEATING ITS DUSTY WAY ALONG THE SUN BAKED TRAIL "TOWARDS INDIAN FASS, THE LAST LAP OF A LONG TWO WEEK JOURNEY THAT WAS BRINSING TOGETHER THE FAMILY OF AUGUST C, LITTLE. RIDING ALONG THE SAME TRAIL, UNITED STATES MARSHAL, BLACK DIAMOND AND IS DEPUTY, BUMPER OVERTAKE THE STAGECOACH...



LATER.

HOWD Y

MARSHAL

SEE ANYTHIN

THAT







RECKON THAT WAS

LITTLE GIRL RIDING

YOUR WIFE AND

YOU DON'T HAVE





















AT THE FIRST STREAK OF DAWN, THE TIRED AND DISTRAUGHT MR.LITTLE, CLUTCHING THE RANSOM MONEY, THE PRICE OF FREEDOM FOR HIS LOVED ONES, READ WITH GREAT ANXIETY, THE SECOND NOTE FROM THE KIDNAPPERS..











OF DEAD MAN'S KNOW THAT AN OLD ABANDONED SILVER MINE



LET'S GO,

WE CAN



MEANWHILE, AT THE OLD SILVER MINE THAT BUMPER REMEMBERED ... HIS SUSPICIONS WERE BEING FULFILLED.



ALL RIGHT. THAT MONEY BETTER ALL BE THERE, LITTLE, OR YOU'LL BE A DEAD LITTLE, WALK ROPE BRIDGE AN' NO FUNNY DUCK-COME STUFF! ON, MOVE!

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



IN THAT OKAY. NOW THAT MCGOON, IT'S ALL HERE! CABIN YOU HAVE WHAT YOU SUCKER! YOU GO IN THERE WANT LET'S GET WHERE AND STAY UNTIL WE ARE THEY? HERE! SIGHT!



OKAY, GO TO IT! MAKE HERE THEY COME! I'LL WAIT THE MIDDLE AND THEN TWO GOOD WHACKS AN THEY'LL BE 200 FEET THANK HEAVENS-BELOW ON THE ROCKS! YOU WEREN' HARMED! OH, DADDY-IT'S SO HIGH!





BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER RUSHED HEADLONG UP THE TRAIL-BUT THE AXE HAD CUT THROUGH HALF THE BRIDGE AND ITS RAZOR-SHARP BLADE WAS RAIGED FOR THE FINAL BLOW ...













IN THE WORLD WOULDN'T BE

ENOUGH TO PAY FOR MY HEART-



AS SOON, AS THESE TWO HOMBRES COME TO, FOLKS, WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY! I GUESS THESE GUYS IN JAIL AND THROW AWAY THE KEY!

YOU'RE
JUST THE
STRONGEST
MAN IN THE BREAK IF I WORLD! HAD LOST YOU AND OUR UGHH. OH, MY JAW... BROKE MY JAW! OHH.

The End

HONEST,

DON'T MISS "THE RATTLESNAKE

> IN THE NEXT ISSUE, WHEN THE BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER ARE FORCED TO SHOOT AT EACH OTHER! WHO WILL MINSS

THE FACE IN THE LOCKET



The scouts arrived at the wagon train too late. The scene was a horror to behold, burning wagons, devastation and wholesale slaughter. The hopes of those pioneers had died in a moment on the long road toward the setting sun. The attack had surprised them; they were caught unprepared. This was all the scouts could surmise while regretfully surveying the shattered wagon train.

Mounting their horses, and turning their backs on the heartbreaking sight, the party of scouts started to ride back to their camp. Jennings, a grizzled old-timer, had a strange feeling. Somehow he felt that the train could not have been completely wiped out. Wholesale slaughter was not uncommon when these surprise Indian attacks occurred, but still he felt they should be sure. Though the sight was hard to bear, Jennings could not be satisfied to ride on. Silently he turned back and rode toward the scene of the slaughter.

The party of scouts rode on, not noticing that Jennings had dropped behind. Jennings approached the charred wagons, dismounted with a heavy heart and began methodically to search the remains of the wagon train. The fire had almost completely burned the entire train, wagons and equipment. He walked slowly around looking for some vestige of life, some hope. As he approached the last wagon, he noted that it had only partially burned. Looking through the charred opening, he saw a woman leaning against the side of the wagon and holding a child in her arms.

Hope returning, Jennings crawled into the wagon. As he approached the woman, he realized that all hope was unfounded. The heat of the fire and the smoke filled wagon had suffocated her and she sat there as if in a deep, contented sleep. As he leaned over, he noticed she wore a small gold locket. He reached to touch it just as a small, sleepy voice cried out. Jennings withdrew his hand quickly and looked in a mazzement at the child in the woman's arms.

The child's wide blue eyes were open. He

erawled from his mother's lap and stood on the charred floor of the wagon. He must be about two, thought Jennings, since he stands —and he must be able to walk. The sleepy boy, however, could not speak at first because of his sleepiness and the incomprehension of the stranger in the wagon. Jennings did learn that his name was Joey, but then the grim reality of the situation penetrated the child's mind and all he could do was stare with terror in his eyes.

Momentarily Jennings had forgotten the locket in his interest in the child. However, hoping it would hold a clue, he removed it and held the small heart shaped object in his hand. Jennings' clumsy fingers struggled with the catch, then finally the heart fell open as he touched it in just the proper way. The open locket in the palm of his hand showed a picture of a little boy on one side which Jennings immediately identified as Joey. On the other side was the smiling face of a dark haired girl, older than Joey. She resembled Joey, and Jennings wondered if this could be Joey's sister. If so, where was she?

Jennings took the boy by the hand and led him away to get the sight of the massacre from his eyes as soon as possible. Jennings left Joey with his horse and returned to scout the train for the missing girl. He went back to Joey's wagon to look for more identification, but everything had burned and there was no sign of the little girl. Jennings searched in vain and finally returned to the dumbfounded little boy who sat on the ground under the watchful eye of Jennings' horse.

Lifting the child to the saddle, Jennings then mounted, and off the two rode to the camp of the scouts. It was a long, hard ride, but the child stood it well. He seemed unable to understand what had happened; the whole tragedy was too overwhelming for him to comprehend. Finally, in spite of the roughness of the ride, his head drooped and he fell asleep.

It was dark when Jennings rode into camp. The child was welcomed into the fold, fed and put into the most comfortable bunk for a long, exhausted sleep. While the boy slept, Jennings told the scouts how he had found Joey and told them about the locket. The solemn scouts passed the locket from hand

As one scout examined it, he suddenly said, "Jennings, did you notice the writing here on the outside?"

"No!" exclaimed Jennings, curiously and hopefully. "What does it say?"

Not much," answered the scout as he held the locket to the firelight. "Just a name. 'Lydia'

The next morning when Joey awoke, he was a changed boy. He now talked a little and the scouts were able to determine more about his family. He asked about "Lydia" and they pieced his conversation together and decided Lydia was his sister and the picture in the locket must be of Lydia. They also assumed that Lydia was also Joey's mother's name. Beyond that information there was not much the two year old could give them.

Jennings and the boy became inseparable. Jennings, at first, thought he should leave the child with some rancher who could bring him up. But the scouts were far from any civilization when Joey was found, and by the time they reached an inhabited part of the west, Jennings was not willing to part with the child.

Joey grew and grew and before too many years he could almost out-ride any one of the scouts. He learned fast and loved the life they led. All memory of the wagon train disaster had vanished from his mind and

Jennings put off, year by year, telling Joey of the massacre, and the days of Indian massacres were on the wane. Jennings no longer had to witness the devastating sights such as the one where he'd found Joey. Still one of the many duties of the scouts was to seek out the Indians and keep peace with

them.

When Joey had reached eighteen, the major problem facing the scouts was an elusive band of Sioux Indians. These Indians did not kill and loot as before but were nomadic and not unwilling to steal a cow or a lamb or a chicken if the need arose. No one had been able to catch them in the act and no one had ever seen any of them closely. There were rumors that there was a fair-skinned brave among them.

As the scouts pursued the nomads, it took them far from civilization. They followed their trail of petty thievery for many hundred miles. Soon the incidence of their presence led the scouts to believe they were close on the trail. The rumor of the fair-skinned brave continued, but this was not uncommon. There were half-breeds among the whites as well as among the Indians.

One day as Joey and Jennings rode along a rocky trail, Joey's horse shied suddenly. Joey immediately sensed something amiss and reined in his horse. He looked to left and right and thought he saw a fleeting motion behind a rock, as if a head had suddenly ducked down out of sight. Silently, Joey dis-mounted and crept toward the rock, his gun held in readiness. As he reached the rock, he climbed up to peer over the edge. As he peered over, he saw the slight figure of an Indian pressed tightly against the wall of the

rock. It was as he had figured - the Indian could have moved from the spot without being seen so he was still there, standing motionless. Joey jumped from the rock down to where the Indian was standing, keeping the Indian covered. The Indian still stood motionless. Joey stood in front of the Indian and looked aghast. This was an Indian, or was it, he thought. The hair was dark, pulled straight back but the skin was fair. The figure was slight and much shorter than most Indians, but the clothes, the bare feet, were typical.

Joey had no intention of firing. He merely wanted to keep peace with the Indians and he felt that this one might be one of the nomads. Keeping the Indian covered, Joey started to speak first in English. The Indian looked completely blank as if he understood nothing. Then Joey tried a word or two in Sioux and a glimmer of understanding passed over the fair face. The Indian seemed frightened and unwilling to talk. Joey finally led him at point of gun back to where he had left Jennings.

Jennings was an old hand at dealing with the Indians and Joey knew he could get some information from this frightened Sioux. As Joey and the Indian approached Jennings, Joey had never seen Jennings look so strange. He turned pale and looked ill. He opened his mouth to speak and could not utter a sound. Finally, he regained composure and spoke to the Indian. The Indian did not comprehend the English words. Jennings then spoke in Sioux and to Joey's surprise Jennings' first, question was, "What do they call you?" "Leedee", answered the frightened Indian.

Jennings said no more except, "Do not be frightened. Come with us."

The Indian made a move to run, but Joey quickly aimed the gun and the Indian tried no further move to escape.

Joey made no sense out of the whole procedure until later that evening after Jennings had spent hours with the captured Indian. Jennings finally came to the campfire, sat by Joey's side and related his story.
"Joey, that is no Indian, nor is it a man.

That Indian is Lydia, your sister."

"I didn't know I had a sister," gasped Joey.
"I was going to tell you the whole story soon. I was waiting until you were old enough to comprehend the tragedy. We all thought Lydia had died with your mother and father, but apparently she was carried off with the Indians and grew up with them. And, of course, she soon forgot the past and thought she was a full-fledged Sioux. She's been with the nomads and now, after a while, she'll be able to lead us to them. She can make them understand that we want peace and we'll give them land. But, in the meantime, we have to teach her the ways of the white men."

At this point in the conversation Joey heard a noise behind him. It was Lydia, still dressed in Indian clothes. She held out her hand to him and whispered in Sioux, "brother Joey."

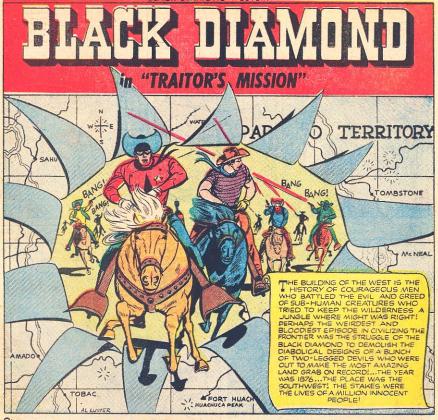
Joey grasped her hand, then turned to Jennings, "I'll take on her education right now. You've given her a good start, now it won't take long." Joey turned again to Lydia, pointed to Jennings and said, "Dad."

"Dad" said Lydia, smiling as she held her hand toward Jennings.

THE END



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ONE OF THE STRANGEST SIGHTS IN THE SOUTHWEST IN THE YEAR IB76 WAS THE SIGHT OF JOHN SETTLOW "HONEST JOHN," THEY CALLED HIM STANDING ON THE SPEAKER'S PLATFORM..., DODGING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES...



SETLOW, ONE OF THE RICHEST AND MOST HONEST MEN IN THE TERRITORY, HAD ALWAYS STOOD FOR EVENTUAL STATE-HOOD, BUT NOW...







I WANT THE FOLKS IN THIS TERRITORY SO CONFUSED AND DIVIDED THAT WASHINGTON TURNS DOWN THER APPLICATION FOR STATEHOOD! LET'S HAVE RIOTS AN' MURDER! LET'S HAVE AN' THIN' BUT LAW AN' ORDER!



AND SO THE MASTERS OF RIOT AND DISORDER GOT TO WORK!...

DON'T MAKE
STRING HIM UP!
SPECCHES! HANG
THE DOUBLECROSSIN'
POLECAT!

TATEHOOD

UP
TER



A MINUTE LATER, THE TOWN SQUARE WAS FILLED WITH FLYING BRICKBATS, STONES AND STRUGGLING MEN...

DOWN WITH STATEHOOD!

ON THE UNION!

BEN!!

BAM!











HERE'S THE RESULT EVERY TIME SETLOW OF MOB DISORDER ... SUDDEN DEATH ... AND MAKES A SPEECH! HE NOBODY EVEN KNOWS WHO DID THE GETS FOLKS SHOOTING! RILED UP AN' THEY FIGHT! I THINK SOONER OR LATER WE'D BETTER SOMEBODY'S GOT WITH MR. JOH SETLOW!

HAPPENS

I CAN'T HELP

LOSE THEIR

HEADS! I

A HALF-HOUR LATER, AT SETLOW'S SETLOW AIN'T SEEIN' NOBODY... EXCEPT BY ONE SIDE! WE WANT TO SEE SETLOW! AND APPOINTMENT! DROP THAT WRITE HIM A GUN! LETTER!



LISTEN, SETLOW, TWO STREET ON ACCOUNT CAL OF WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING ON YOUR SPEAKING TOUR I WANT TO KNOW WHY!



SPEECH, YES! BUT NOT INCITING RIOTS! YOU'RE CANCELLING THE REST OF YOUR DON'T ASK THEM TO COM-MIT MURDER! TOUR, SETLOW! YOU'RE A MENACE

HE'S GOT A RIGHT TO SPEAK SAFETY! HIS MIND!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT! MR. SET-LOW'S AGIN STATEHOOD FOR THIS TERRITORY AN



NOBODY'S INTERFERING WITH ANY OF YOUR RIGHTS, SETLOW, EXCEPT THE RIGHT TO INCITE RIOTS AND VIOLENCE! AS U.S. MARSHAL, I MUST DEMAND THAT YOU STOP YOUR SPEAKING TOUR! FINAL! BUT I HAVE A SCHEDULE TO MEET!



THAT BREAKS MY HEART

HOPE

WE NEVER

HIM AGAIN!

DOUBTS!

DIAMOND ...

MY

AS BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER LEAVE, SETLOW GIVES ORDERS TO FOLLOW THEM AND MAKE SURE THAT THEY DON'T RETURN...



A FEW HOURS LATER. SUPPOSED PECULIAR ABOUT THE WHOLE SET-TO BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RANCH IN THE TERRITORY UP! SETLOW HAD LOOKS RUN-DOWN AND TOO MUCH PRIDE IN HIS RANCH TO NEGLECTED TO ME! THE DOGS! PRIVATE PROPERT





BUT THE SPEED OF RELIAPON AND EL LOBO WAS TOO MUCH FOR SETLOWS RENEGADES AND BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER EAGLY

REACHED THEIR DESTINATION! EVENING, IT SURE NOT QUITE! SETLOW! I DOES! WHERE'S YOUR HOPE SEEING WIFE, SETLOW? SAID DOESNIT SON AND DAUGHTER GIVE YOU HAVE THEYVE INDIGESTION! TO SAY DISAPPEARED! YOU!

THEY HAVE NOT THEY'VE GONE LET ME ALONE! I HOUNDED! I'VE DONE NOTHING

THEN WHY GE SO EXCITED WHY FLY OFF THE HANDLE? YOU ACT LIKE A SICK MAN, SETLOW!



BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

ALL RIGHT, THEN! I AM SICK!

SICK AND TIRED INSOLENT QUESTIONS AND ETERNAL MEDDLING! NOW

JAIL

BEING

SICK!

FOR

WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR PUTTING ANYBODY IN JAIL SETLOW I'LL BE JOHNNY-ON - THE-SPOT! MEANWHILE, I YOUR WIFE! MIGHT

SHE ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS. THAT YOU WON'T! SEE GO, BUMPER!



HERE THEY COME NOW! SPLIT UP AN' WE'LL CATCH EM IN A CROSS-FIRE! WE'RE LICKED IF THET TIN STARS WE'LL GET WELLGET TOES AIN'T EM, VAL! CURLED UP! WORRY!



MOMENTS LATER, AS BLACK DIA-MOND AND BUMPER APPROACH

BUMPER, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THESE HOMBRES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE STREET! THEY'RE WATCHING US TOO CLOSELY!



HMM ..could OKAY, GUYS! YOU WERE RIGHT, BUMPER! LE BLAST





















I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'D CALL IT, MRS. SETLOW, BUT HE'S BEEN TRAVELING ALL MAKING TREASONABLE SPEECHES THAT AND CROOKED CONFUSION, LAND SPECULATORS DISCOVERED VALUABLE MINING RIOT AND MURDER! PROPERTIES ON



POOR JOHN!

DID IT FOR

DON'T YOU

SEE? HE

OF GREEDY

OUTLAWS

THEY DIDN'T WANT TO SEE MORE LAW ENFORCEMENT! AND SINCE MY HUSBAND WAS THE LEADING FIGHTER FOR STATEHOOD, HE WAS DEAL MAN TO USE TO CONFUSE PEOPLE IF HE

CHANGED

THREATEN-ED TO MURDER YOL UNLESS HE BIDDING! BUMPER, WE'VE GOT TO FIND AND FAST!

...SO THE





THE FOLLOWING MORNING NEVER! LISTEN, SETLOW THE J'LL CARRY SPEECHES YOU THAT BOMB INTO FORCE ME TO MAKE ARE EVIL CONFERENCE ENOUGH BUT OR WE'LL SLIT YOUR FAMILY'S WILL NOT COMMIT MURDER! THROATS ONE HEY, VAL! NICK ONE! JUST SENT US THIS TELEGRAM! THE BLACK DIAMOND FREED THE SETLOWS AND HE'S ON HIS WAY HERE!

WHAT?

WHAT?

WHAT?

WHAT?

WHAT?

WHO FOLL WEND DO

SETLOW? NOW HELL

WEVER DO ANYTHING

WE WANT! WE GOTTA

DO SOMETHIN BIG.

SOMETHIN TO MAKE

THE UNION SORE AT

THE TERRITORY

FOREVER!

ALL

MAD

OOKS

STATEMENT OF THE TERRITORY

FOREVER!

I'VE GOT IT! LUKE ANSTER IN OUR MOB IS THE SPITINI IMAGE OF SETLOW! WITH A LITTLE MAKE-UP WE CAN SEND HIM INTO THE GRANGEVILLE CONFERENCE WITH A BOMB! BRING HIM IN!



TWO HOURS LATER ... YEAH WHEN LUKES BOMB PROVIDED SETLOW BRAINS IN THE SELF DON TERRITORY W SPILL THE BEANS BE BLOWN SKY-WHICH NATURALLY HIGH! AN' THE COUNTRY WILL HE WON'T AFTER THE BOYS TAKE WRITE US OFF AS TOO WILD AN' UN



MEANWHILE, BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER ARRIVE AT SETLOWS HOTEL.



TAKING SETLOW AT HIS WORD, THEY RUSHED TO THE TERRITORIAL EMERGENCY CONFERENCE...



BUT BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER WERE TOO QUICK ON THE DRAW ...





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WATCH FOR THIS SEAL!

EY GLEASON





I CAN'T BELIEVE WITH THE REST OF GRENETTE'S BLACK DIAMOND! MY NIGHTMARE IS GANG IN CUSTODY, IT'LL BE A CINCH ENDED! NOW I CAN CONTINUE MY SPEAK ING TOUR AND UN-TO PUT GREN . ETTE'S LAND DO THE HARM OF SPECULATORS THE LIES I WAS AWAY FOR GOOD! SPEAK! AND IN A STATE PENITENTIARY, TERRITORIA



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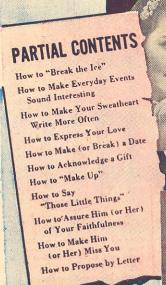
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